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INDEX

PAGE

Frontispiece	516
The Week <i>J. A. Withey</i>	517
Campus Comment	519
Musical and Theatrical Notes <i>A. L. Meyers</i>	521
The Wheel of Life <i>J. T. Cullinan</i>	526
Editorial	527
The Accomplishment <i>M. A. Aggeler, '28</i>	528
When We Danced (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>Cornelius Shea, '28</i>	533
Cardinal Mercier <i>Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C.S.C.</i>	534
Six Little Pearls <i>John F. O'Donnell, '26</i>	536
Over the Radio <i>E. C. Rex, '27</i>	537
Discovery (<i>A Poem</i>) <i>Cornelius Shea, '28</i>	537
Sport News <i>J. P. McNamara</i>	538

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MY PROM GIRL

*My Prom girl,
You're some girl;
Sweetest one I know.
Smiling, beguiling,
You've won my heart for I love you so;
Sometime
In Prom time,
You will love me too;
My Prom Girl,
You're some girl,
I'm in love with you.*

Music by Vic Labedz, '26
Words by Norb Engels, '26

THE WEEK

Bill Roach, efficient manager, director, and chief hair-clipper in the Notre Dame barber shop, opines that this has been the most quiet week in five years. Bill should know. He has unparalleled opportunity to investigate. Victims come to him in a constant stream. He plants them in his chair, wraps them in a winding sheet, elevates them to mid-air, attacks them with shiny weapons: they are helpless before him. And while he clips, he questions. Bill's opinions, therefore are worth attention, for they are based on answers extorted under conditions beautifully favorable. "How do you mean, quiet?" we asked. "The boys are still groggy," he says. "They go about with fear in their hearts. They haven't much interest in outside things. It's the aftermath of examinations—the most serious in five years." So there you are. And Bill is probably right.

But things have perked up the last few days. There is the Prom, of course. Until we saw Bill, it had been our own private opinion that the look of strained anxiety which distorted many a youthful visage was due to inability to secure tickets for the Junior class dance. There has certainly been a remarkable interest in the Prom this year—and justifiably. Such music, such plans, such distinction! The inevitable topic of conversation is the Prom, and happy the man who can nonchalantly say, "Oh yes, of course I'm going." There will be beauty, gaiety, melody, life, love, and mystery at the Prom. Preparations have been whole-heartedly devoted to insuring a glorious evening.

Rudy came down from Chicago and snapped the group pictures for the Club section of the *Dome*. The player piano in the K. C. chambers was kept going for hours on end while clubs assembled and waited for tardy members. It's all over now, and the club life of Notre Dame has again been recorded in a series of pictured groups of still

faces looking straight ahead. There seems to be rather a contradiction between the record and the fact. Or is there?

The Glee Club has returned—somewhat hoarse, somewhat tired, and extremely pleased. They have anecdotes of all sorts which they spill on the least provocation. A sure indication of the success of their tour is their willingness to talk about everything that happened, when it happened, why it happened, and how they feel about it. The Knights of Columbus tried a change of diet and amused themselves with a Charleston contest at their last meeting. We cannot vouch for the result because we did not attend. But about nine-fifteen last Tuesday night we spied three dusky figures leaving Walsh Hall—a young lady wearing red stockings was escorted by two gentlemen who possessed respectively a banjo case and a tenor voice. It therefore seems safe to say that the Charleston was adequately demonstrated.

The *Juggler* held its monthly dinner for the staff members and contributors and the wit flowed free and unrestrained. We note with interest the announcement that the hard-working Mr. McElroy will *not* produce the cover of the forthcoming Theatre Number. Resting on his laurels is a thing which he can afford to do: he has so many of them. Clubs are disputing among themselves while a silent committee goes ahead and plans their proposed Easter dances. The consignment of records of the Victory March seems to be lost in transit, much to the dismay of the music critic. Art Hohmann continues to demonstrate his knowledge of advertising psychology: the unwary may read half way through his Remington boosts before discovering that they are not official bulletins after all. The Band promises a concert and dance and the Seniors measure themselves for cap and gown. Not so quiet, Bill; not so quiet!

—J. A. W.

THE JUNIOR PROM OF '26

More than 300 couples, attending the Junior Prom of 1926 in the Palais Royale to-night, will make that event the most impressive as well as the most widely attended affair presented by a Junior Class at Notre Dame in recent years. Visitors from the neighboring St. Mary's and St. Mary-of-the-Woods—from New York City and Moose-Jaw, Arizona—from Portland, Oregon, and Shreveport, Louisiana, will be present as guests of the Class of '27.

With the Palais Royale ballroom for its setting (thanks to Chairman Lawrence H. Hennessey) in a background of color, (effects by Chairman L. Grady) a chosen cast (see Chairman Thomas F. Green) made up of frolicsome femininities, nervous "he-men"—and sharp-eyed professors (as per orders of director Don W. Ryan) will receive favors (hunt James A. Jones, dispenser) and watch the curtain rise at 9 o'clock, as one "Spike" Hamilton and his Orchestra (ask Chairman James W. Coleman) swing into their first musical number of the evening. Then will the Prom of '26 be a reality! (All hail to President William L. Daily and General Chairman Daniel F. Cunningham et al.)

From that point on "Spike" Hamilton will conduct the affair through the medium of his melodies. There'll be fox trots and one steps—then a waltz, the feature of the program: "My Prom Girl," recently dedicated to the event by two local composers. (Flowers for Labeledz and Engels) presented as "Spike" Hamilton of Dartmouth '23, interprets it. Afterwards, "White Rose," a dreamy melody, also a local composition, will be presented. Then a final number: "The Victory March"—a hush—and the colorful throng will fade away. Then will the Junior Prom of 1926 become a memory!

All Notre Dame, however, will join tomorrow in entertaining those present for the affair. In the afternoon, at 3 o'clock, Coach Springer's Fighting Irish will trade blows with the Annapolis Midshipmen in the Gymnasium. A section of the stands will be reserved for those visitors desiring to witness the bouts. For those preferring to see

an afternoon performance, a party will be assembled at the Palace. Although an attempt to arrange for reservations failed, those couples arriving before 2 o'clock in the afternoon, are assured of being seated with the regular party.

At 8 o'clock tomorrow night, Coach Keogan's netmen, victorious in 12 of their 13 contests, will meet the Wabash quintet, coached by Pete Vaughan, hero of the traditional "goalpost" story. For this contest, Charles Mooney, senior manager, announces that reservations for Prom visitors may be secured by communicating with him immediately in Sorin Hall.

Now for a rest! (Publicity committee please note.)

MONSIGNOR KIRWIN DIES

The Rt. Rev. Monsignor James M. Kirwin, Vicar-General of the diocese of Galveston, Texas, President of St. Mary's College, La Porte, Texas, rector of St. Mary's Cathedral, Galveston, and one of the most prominent churchmen and citizens of the South, who died recently, was well-known at Notre Dame. Monsignor Kirwin received the honorary degree of LL. D. here in 1923, and delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of that year. Notre Dame joins with the people of the bereaved south in mourning the death of the beloved leader.

COMING EVENTS

WASHINGTON HALL—February 12—Cecil De Mille's "The Road to Yesterday." Two performances: 6:30 and 8 p. m.

WASHINGTON HALL—Sunday, February 14—Illustrated lecture—"American Wonderland," by Brownson DeCaw—8 p. m.

WASHINGTON HALL—Thursday, February 18—Movie, "Madam, Behave!" with Julian Eltinge and Ann Pennington.

Remember that the divine injunction limits the things that belong to Caesar.—T.A.B.

Poor houses won't come into their own until modern authors are paid by the idea instead of by the word.—D.J.O'N.

Campus Comment

The SCHOLASTIC invites communications for this department. It will not be responsible for any views contained in these communications, however, nor will it consider for publication any letter not signed, in evidence of good faith, with the writer's name and address. Anonymity in print will be preserved if the writer desires.

. . .

To the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC:

To those who have entered our ranks in September and to those who have lost or rather forgotten the lesson taught to us by the boys of the past, I am addressing this article.

What is the spirit of Notre Dame, that spirit for which so much praise has been given us by opponent schools and their coaches, by newspapermen and their public? It is the actions of our student body, dominated by the love of God, His laws, and of the Blessed Virgin Mary; it is a perfect co-ordination between the students and the faculty; it is the strong moral support given to the athletic teams by the students; it is the determination on the part of our athletes to win.

Under this spirit, of which we so proudly boast, can anyone find ground to permit the baiting of officials and the hissing of opponents? To howl at athletes, fellow students, not openly but in the cloak of a thousand or more other students, is this moral support?

Some of us are unaware that the above-mentioned menace is gradually creeping within our walls; but nevertheless it is in existence, and if you will only review the happenings of the past six months these various shortcomings will reveal themselves. Look what happened in the Mich. State—N. D. game, in which our second team was the chief participant; or look into the boxing bouts of the days gone by; or look further into the Detroit—N. D. game of which, to some, hissing of the referee and the opponent team was the chief feature.

No review is necessary to see the prevalence of that unsanitary habit of spitting in the street cars, or smoking therein in the presence of the gentler sex. The Palace row-

dyism need not be mentioned for surely we are all wise enough to take a hint.

Now how are we to secure a remedy for our forgetfulness? We are all guilty. The surest and quickest way is for each to forget his own miserable little self and to play the other man's part, that is, to see as he sees, hear what he hears, and to put ourselves in his place. If we remember that helping the other fellow ("Charity toward all" Abe Lincoln puts it) is one of the legs on which our spirit stands, I am positive that the spirit of old will not pass into oblivion.

—ROGER NOLAN '26.

CELEBRATE INSTITUTE FOUNDING

In the latter part of November, 1925, the solemn celebration of the founding of the Catholic Institute was held in Paris, France. The celebration was attended by several cardinals, many European bishops, and representatives of universities from all over the world.

Three American universities were represented: Catholic University of Washington, D. C., Fordham University, and the University of Notre Dame. The Very Reverend George Sauvage, C. S. C., Procurator-general of the Congregation of the Holy Cross at Rome, represented Notre Dame. Father Sauvage lived in the United States for a number of years. He was at one time a teacher of theology at Holy Cross College in Washington, and he also conducted classes at summer school at Notre Dame for several years. After the war, in which he was very prominent as French representative in the English army, he was given an degree of LL. D. by the University of Notre Dame.

Some of the other universities represented were Oxford and Cambridge; the Universities of Valladolid, Spain, Cracow, Poland, Quebec, Canada, and Tokio, Japan; Trinity College, Ireland; and Saint Thomas of Manila. In all, seventeen nations had representatives at the celebration.

The momentum of an early start is thought by some to be good only for a dash man.—K.L.R.

THE PROM CAST

At last the stage is set for the ballroom scene! For two months, the leading man man and his associates have prepared for the event. And to-day from all parts of the country, have come those who will play the feminine roles in "The Junior Prom of 1926." With Miss Mary E. Ott of Michigan City playing opposite William L. Daily and Miss Florence Buddig of Chicago assisting Daniel F. Cunningham, the play is ready for presentation.

A part of the feminine cast to be seen in the portrayal of "The Junior Prom of 1926," in the Palais Royale to-night follows:

Mary E. Ott, Michigan City, Ind.
 Florence Buddig, Chicago.
 Viola Carlstedt, Chicago.
 Mary K. Higgins, Louisville, Ky.
 Antoinette Lincourt, Detroit, Mich.
 Irene Bearer, New Kensington, Pa.
 Madaline D'Amour, Ironwood, Mich.
 Eleanor Proctor, Elkhart, Ind.
 Katherine Terry, Chicago.
 Virginia Stanton, Chicago.
 Grace V. Adams, Monticello, N. J.
 Virginia Cook, Portland, Ore.
 Mary Winchester, Cleveland Heights, O.
 Dorothy Griffin, Moosejaw, Ariz.
 Lorraine Lowry, Dyersburg, Tenn.
 Ruth McBride, Ogden, Utah.
 Geraldine Forrest, Culver, N. Y.
 Dorothy Neville, Three Rivers, Mich.
 Nora Laskey, Lawrence, L. I.
 Peggy Kloos, Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Elizabeth Kald, Davenport, Ia.
 Josephine LaVigne, Oak Park, Ill.
 Dorothy Maher, St. Mary-of-the-Woods.
 Alice Preszer, Lincoln, Neb.
 Marie Dooley, Springfield, Ill.
 Martha Blackburn, Hartford, Conn.
 Peg Parker, Ann Arbor, Mich.
 Mildred Payne, South Bend.
 Dorothy Grimes, Mishawaka.
 Dorothy Doyle, Chicago.
 Maurine Martin, South Bend.
 Marjorie Vaughan, Baker, Ore.
 Marion Winslow, South Bend.
 Irma Hatch, Jackson, Mich.
 Katherine Krause, Ogden, Utah.
 Esther Garn, South Bend.
 Genevieve Gallagher, Cleveland, O.
 Mary P. Donnelly, Mt. Pleasant, Pa.
 Evelyn Sharf, Toledo, O.
 Ann McGuire, Chicago.
 Harrietta Barber, South Bend.
 Mary Wright, Chicago.

Marie Maher, Chicago.
 Patricia Maguire, Chicago.
 Germaine Mischker, South Bend.
 Mary Locke, Chicago.
 Lucille Harris, Toledo, O.
 Teresa Farschner, Chicago.
 Katherine Conroy, Lake Geneva, Wis.
 Isabel Hamilton, Chicago.
 Mary Lou Murray, Green Bay, Wis.
 Verna Goss, Chicago.
 Mary Fitzpatrick, New York, N. Y.
 Elinor Leahy, Chicago.
 Maxine Geddes, Shreveport, La.
 Ruth Hoffman, Chicago.
 Dorothy Hoffman, Chicago.
 Gwen Seidensticker, Columbus, O.
 Katherine Downie, Chicago.
 Eloise Littell, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Beatrice Kavanaugh, Chicago.
 Sylvia Bennett, Northfield, Minn.
 Josephine Lawrence, Chicago.
 Florence McKinnon, Northfield, Minn.
 Mary Weimer, Chicago.
 Bertie Kelly, South Bend, Ind.
 Frances Murphy, Joliet, Ill.
 Ruth Beise, Northfield, Minn.
 Ruth Cosgrove, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Cleta Bailey, St. Mary's.
 Betty Humphrey, Benton Harbor, Mich.
 Genevieve Fox, South Bend, Ind.
 Ellen Daugherty, Mishawaka, Ind.
 Katherine Stanton, Shreveport, La.
 Claire Wishner, South Bend.
 Amber Le Munyon, Cassopolis, Mich.
 Mary Doran, South Bend.
 Madalyn Marabaugh, South Bend.
 Helen Maher, Chicago.
 Evelyn Gregory, Youngstown, O.
 Alice Tobin, Jackson, Mich.
 Gertrude McCarthy, Chicago.
 Mary Tory, Chicago.
 Betty Casey, Chicago.
 Margaret Leary, Jackson, Mich.
 Helen R. Hillenbrand, Batesville, Ind.
 Edna M. Diener, Chicago.
 Tessie Folkner, South Bend.
 Anna Mootz, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Margaret O'Malia, South Bend.
 Grace Irmiger, Chicago.
 Dorothy Gordier, South Bend.
 Sarah Silverman, Chicago.
 Felicia Tomei, Chicago.
 Esther Hersh, South Bend.
 Henrietta Gresck, South Bend.
 Grace Quinlan, Chicago.
 Wilma Keiser, South Bend.
 Florence Geihm, Aurora.
 Denise Frankel, South Bend.
 Kathryn Treat, South Bend.
 Jayne Franklin, Chicago.
 Kathryn McCabe, Chicago.
 Emma Beckerich, South Bend.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL NOTES

The Glee Club returned Sunday morning from what was possibly the most successful tour ever made by the organization. Elsewhere in this issue of the *SCHOLASTIC* a story of the happenings on the trip will be found; this article is to concern itself primarily with the music of the Club on its tour.

The first concert was given in Tiffin, Ohio, on Monday night, February 1, before a good-sized audience. The first effects of stage fright and travel began to work themselves off by the time the concert was half over, and the latter half of the program was given remarkably well. At this concert "The Song of the Volga Boatmen" was sung as the Club had never before sung it; it was worth the trip to Tiffin to hear this number alone.

Chillicothe, Ohio, was the stop for Tuesday night. Due to the fact that the concert was given by Notre Dame students, and that Arthur Haley of Chillicothe was a member of the Club, the house was packed. Every number was received with enthusiasm, and "Italian Salad" and "Come With Me to Romany" were encored. Mr. Haley was presented with a bouquet of roses by the local council of the Knights of Columbus.

Wednesday night the concert was given in Carnegie Hall in Pittsburgh. A full house greeted the Club and the reception of the songs and features was splendid. This concert marked the high water mark of the trip; the surroundings and the acoustic properties of the Hall were in perfect key with the singing. Mr. Casasanta, the director of the Club for the week, was at his best during the evening, and Pittsburgh was liberal in its applause and desire for more.

The State Penitentiary in Pittsburgh was visited Thursday morning, and the Club sang for half an hour to the convicts, who were more than appreciative.

The concert in Connellsville was given that night, and, though the audience was smaller than usual, the reception of the numbers was again enthusiastic. Vincent Soisson, a Connellsville boy and a second bass with the Club, was the center of attraction.

In Steubenville, Ohio, the concert Friday night might have been up to the Club's standard if the latter half of the program had not been interrupted by juvenile well-wishers, who persisted in offering all-day suckers and pretzels to the members during the songs. The curtain was rung down, and after a hasty conference, the program was continued under difficulty.

The final concert of the trip was given at Seton Hill College in Greensburg, Penn. The audience was wonderful here and positively clamored for more after each group and number. John Butler, Anthony Kopecky and Alfred Meyers, in their solos, received encore after encore from the delighted audience. The enthusiasm of the girls transmitted itself to the Club and the musical calibre of the concert was almost on a par with the Pittsburgh concert. The concluding number, "The Hike Song," was repeated twice by popular demand.

The towns visited on the trip were wonderful in their hospitality to the members of the Club, and their receptions were the high-lights of the visits. Arthur Haley, the manager, cannot be given enough praise and credit for the admirable way the trip was directed.

Special mention must be given to Ray McGrath, who entertained with his banjo and quite captivated his audiences; to Vic Lemmer and Chris Flannagan, who performed tricks to win the crowds, with "Osawamakee" and to the Varsity Quartet who donned their Tuxedos every evening to lend dignity to their singing.

The Notre Dame Band will give a concert in the K. of C. club house in South Bend on Monday night, February 15. The program will commence at 8:15, and will be followed by a dance given by the organization. St. Mary's girls have received special permission to attend the concert and dance, and will be in South Bend that night in a body.

—A.L.M.

Paul Cray, '24, who is at present attending the Northwestern Medical School, spent the week-end at the University.

THE BEST TRIP OF ALL

You probably saw the weary-looking group of young men being emptied out of two busses in front of Corby Hall last Sunday morning about nine o'clock. You may have noticed that they were tired, that they were unkempt, seemingly as the result of much travel, that here and there a dress shirt peeped from beneath an overcoat and an extra shoe wasn't all the way inside an overcoat pocket. You may have noticed these things. But you probably didn't observe the gleam of happiness that was half hidden in the tired eyes. For you are not—probably—a member of the Glee Club and did not know the joys of the most successful of Glee Club tours—and here the superlative is used with discretion. From the moment that Al Meyers started the first (of several hundred) bridge games on the New York Central train at 10:21 Monday morning, February 1, until the moment that John Lenihan guided a foreign-to-Notre Dame chaffeur around the road to Corby, the tour was a success—emphatically.

A special New York Central car carried 40 singers, chosen from the Glee Club squad of 65, and Associate Conductor Mr. Casasanta from South Bend to Toledo Monday morning. Bridge. Five Hundred. "The straightest stretch of track in the country." Cigarettes. Applesauce. In Toledo, the burden was transferred to an interurban car which started immediately for Tiffin, Ohio, the scene of the first concert. After threatening many times to desert the tracks for broader fields, said interurban arrived in Tiffin about 5 P. M., Eastern Time. Fred Wagner seemed to know many of the inhabitants. Strange case.

The concert was a success. And the dance likewise. Ask Flanagan. Wonderfully hospitable citizens provided beds and great quantities of excellent lunch and breakfast for the journeymen songsters only to discover that buzzers are not in use at Notre Dame. This modern education.

The itinerary said: "Tuesday, 9:02 A. M. Eastern Time. Leave Tiffin, Ohio, over the Penn." 'Twas done. "12:00 P. M. Eastern Time arrive at Columbus." Ditto. "Beware

of the squirrels in the State House yard." Didn't see none. "1:20 P. M. Eastern Time. Cars leave for Chillicothe Ohio." They did. Much bridge but with less vigor. Cigars—mysteriously. If Papa Nu, under the direction of Grandpapa Lenihan operated temporarily but decided to postpone serious work until later. Nevertheless, "Thank you, I feel warmer now" was heard several times. "2:20 Central Time arrive at Chillicothe" Art Haley spoke to couple of men as though he had known them all his life.

Again, private homes, the "best-yet" concert, flowers for Haley (he almost ate them) and the daily dance. Vic Lemmer decided that fur coats are nice but sometimes expensive. Someone told him that a certain pelt had cost \$3,000 and that it was running around Chillicothe without a keeper. The Glee Club almost lost a good president.

"9:30 A. M. Leave Chillicothe, over Scioto Valley Traction for Columbus." "1:12 P. M. leave Columbus over Penn for Pittsburgh." "6:40 P. M. Eastern Time. Arrive at Pittsburgh." Meanwhile, sleep, bridge in diminishing doses, magazines, dinner in diner and "If Papa Nu will convene tomorrow."

In Pittsburgh, Carnegie Hall, the famed, was the place, Father F. J. Huber, Superintendent of St. Joseph's Protectory, was the sponsor, the knees were the weak and the concert was remarkably good (though some seats did sell for \$25 dollars—each). An efficient and hard-working organization had arranged a dance—procured the necessary feminine equipment and proceeded to engineer a delightful evening in the K. of C. Home. Pitsenberger was there. To homes again preceded by snow plows. All the snow in the western continent had gone to Pittsburgh for the night.

What a concert that was. Some of the convicts in the State Penitentiary in Pittsburgh may have enjoyed the special program given Thursday morning; but there were about 39 persons within the gates who would have given their right shoe to be outside. "Show Me the Way to Go Home" by the Quartette, registered.

"12:55 P. M. Eastern Time. Leave Pittsburgh over the B. and O. for Connellsville." Enroute, If Papa Nu convened. Result: the

big happy family was bigger and happier. "2:40 Eastern Time. Arrive in Connellsville." It was once rumored that a man named Soisson had lived here. There seemed, however, to be no foundation for the rumor.

"We're so glad to have you boys." "Please do have one more egg and another cup of coffee." Another concert, another dance, hospitality unexcelled. . . . Connellsville. Flanagan did make the train after all.

"Friday—9:28 A .M. Leave Connellsville for Steubenville, Ohio, over the Penn." As the train went through Greensburg: Oh, there's Seton Hill. . . . Oh! Tomorrow." In Pittsburgh, time out for lunch "if you have a little money." A few did. The others went with the President and the Business Manager and almost missed the train. Bad company.

"3:44 Eastern Time. Arrive at Steubenville. Stay at leading hotel." It was a "peach." And Mr. Nolan did provide some tempting nourishment in dining room of same that evening. The famous "pretzel" concert was staged here: it had many queer turns. And Curtis promised to smoke nothing but Lucky Strikes. Watch him. Another dance, of course.

"8:29 A. M. Eastern Time. Leave Steubenville for Pittsburgh." Sleep, sleep, sleep. A big afternoon ahead. "12:01 P. M. Leave Pittsburgh for Greensburg (Seton Hill)" "12:52 P. M. Arrive Greensburg." This was the culmination, the glorious crowning of a remarkable tour. The most hospitable of nuns, the kindest and most companionable of girls joined to arrange an afternoon and evening that will live long in more than one memory. Beauty, hospitality, personality.

A tea dance from 2:30 to 5:30, dinner at 6, the concert at 7:30, more dancing after the concert—because the train was late—these made the hours seem as minutes. "And what did you say the address was?" "Now don't forget to write." Heavy mail in Greensburg this week. Happy memories.

A Pullman was on the 10:17—an hour late—out of Greensburg. The Broadway Limited to Plymouth, busses to Notre Dame. But what of that? SonofAgun.

COONEY PUBLISHES NOVEL

Dr. John M. Cooney, director of the School of Journalism at the University, is the author of a novel just published by the Abbey Press at St. Meinrad, Indiana. The novel is entitled "Hills of Rest," and is Dr. Cooney's first book of the type. Advance copies have been issued by the publishers. Dr. Cooney is a Kentuckian by birth, and the scene of his novel is laid in his native hills. The book will be reviewed in these columns in the near future.

THE STUDENT AND THE CITY

In the last five years Notre Dame university men have become a part of the life of South Bend in ways unknown before the university population overflowed the residence halls. Hundreds of students have been forced to live in the city. Over several years this has resulted favorably in citizens knowing the students better and students becoming more closely identified with the city's social life. But new residence halls are being completed rapidly. The University's aim is to house every student on the campus. Its goal will be attained at some not distant date.

Will this mean that South Bend will lose the intermingling of these men from distant states and cities with the city population? We hope not. We hope that when all students are housed on the campus again they will still be a part of South Bend. They contribute much that is wholesome and desirable, just as the innovation of a little free time for St. Mary's college students has meant a desirable growth of friendship between the city and the woman's college at its gate.

A university and college city is a more civilized community than one lacking a collegiate interest. South Bend has benefited much from the presence of a large number of off campus students, who, by reason of the existence of the villagers, as they call themselves, are in the city more than they would be otherwise. We should like to feel that when the students are drawn back to the campus they will still be a part of the social life of South Bend.—*South Bend Tribune.*

HUSTON SPEAKS HERE

"The demand for short stories from 1,500 to 5,000 words in length is unlimited," McCready Huston, local short story writer, novelist and humorist, told a journalistic assembly in his lecture on "The Writing and Publishing of a Short Story," given last Friday afternoon in the Journalism room of the Library. "Ten years ago—in 1916—when I took up writing," he continued, "the field was more restricted than it is today. The present condition," he explained, "is due to the publication of so many magazines, each of which specializes in a particular type of fiction." Mr. Huston, at present, is an associate editor with the *South Bend Tribune*.

"From my own experience in writing," he went on, "I find that in fiction, the character must come through physically, morally, commercially or in whatever fashion his success is judged to satisfy the average editor. Harmer, now fiction head of the *Saturday Evening Post*, is one editor who demands that the character 'come through' as a reference to his publication will show. As for the various types of fiction, there is much in common," he explained. "In the short story, we have a single line of thought, while in the novel, we have a main line from which many less important lines project."

"For those of you who are contemplating taking up writing," Mr. Huston remarked, "my advice is: Keep away from the typewriter. It makes for a neat appearing paper but not for well-written composition." In explaining the reason for this he revealed that he had a typewriter in his office at the *Tribune*, but not at his home. He then exhibited 25 sheets of copy paper containing in long-hand, the story later accepted by *The Red Book* for its February issue, entitled: "Until Closing."

In the informal discussion which followed his lecture, the speaker told how after the manuscript was accepted by the editor and corrected, it was set up in type, and two galley proofs run off. One is sent to the author for final corrections while the other is sent to the illustrator for perusal. The

various privileges of author and publisher with regard to serial rights and copyrights, were also discussed.

When asked how he created his stories, Mr. Huston was frank to admit that many of his stories were written to conform with a title which he might have had in mind for some time as being appropriate for a story. "Until Closing," the title of his story in *The Red Book* for February, he said he obtained through recalling a sign he once saw over a Pennsylvania dance hall: "Dancing Until Closing." The characters and plot were written about the title in this instance.

In concluding his lecture, the speaker counselled those with talent for the writing of light verse, to continue their efforts, especially since there is a big demand for the production of such work at the present time.

FATHER MURRAY HERE

Rev. Raymond Murray, C.S.C., was added to the faculty of the University at the beginning of the semester. Father Murray is now teaching classes in Sociology and Politics, but will later be connected with the Department of Sociology alone. He has completed the work required for a degree of Doctor of Philosophy at the Catholic University of Washington, D. C., where he made a special study of the Juvenile Court of the District, and the problem of juvenile delinquency. Father Murray will receive his Doctor's degree in June. He was graduated from the Notre Dame College of Law in 1918.

Rev. Father Matthew Walsh, C.S.C., President of the University, is absent from the University on a vacation of a month. No information as to his whereabouts is available.

Robert Riordan, '24, is at present a cartoonist with the Features That Fit Company, a service for Catholic publications. This service was established by Charles Grimes, a graduate of the University, and is experiencing much success.

THE PROM COMMITTEE

Once in the life of most college classes—comes the Junior Prom! Thanks to the Class of '27, and the directing efforts of its president, William L. Daily, of Wilkesburg, Pa., a student in the College of Law, assisted by Daniel F. Cunningham, general chairman of the committees, the Junior Prom of '26 at this University is a reality. Two months ago, President Daily, in a conference with Louis J. Conroy, vice-president, Joseph M. Roland, secretary, and Gerard H. LeStrange, treasurer, appointed the following committees:

Arrangements: Lawrence H. Hennessey, chairman; Joseph Della Maria, Maurice A. Henry, Walter W. Smith and Charles B. McDermott.

Tickets: Thomas F. Green, chairman; Robert E. Shields, John D. Murphy, Arthur C. Hohmann, Edwin L. Ryan and Paul M. Butler.

Music: James W. Coleman, chairman; Jack D. Curtis, Thomas E. Nash, Edward J. McLaughlin and John J. Howard.

Reception: Don W. Ryan, chairman; John J. Reidy, James T. Quinn, Richard L. Halpin and Charles C. Riley.

Decorations: Lester C. Grady, chairman; Don C. Laskey, Tobias M. Gish, James G. Cowles and Patrick P. Canny.

Favors: James A. Jones, chairman; Hugh F. McCaffery, Joseph L. Sweeney, John E. Hogan and Joseph D. Vergara.

Publicity: Mark E. Nevils, chairman; Donald J. Wilkins, William E. Carter, John R. Hunt and Alfred J. Diebold.

Tonight we shall see the result of their preparations!

K. OF C. NOTES

The February meeting drew a large crowd. And they were all glad they had come. Besides the regular business of the session a most unique entertainment was provided. Two gentlemen of a decidedly Ethiopian lineage sang, danced, and played banjos in a way that only negroes can. Cake and ice cream concluded the meeting.

The basketball team representing Notre

Dame Council has two games scheduled next week. The first is with a semi-pro team from South Bend, and the second with the Knights of Columbus team of Mishawaka. In the near future games will be played with Elkhart, Blue Island, and several other K. of C. councils, as well with a few of the teams in the interhall league.

The Council is sponsoring a Bowling Tournament, limited to members in good standing. Prizes will be offered in two frames, division being made according to the scores of the contestants. Several have already entered. Those interested can obtain full particulars from Warden John McMullen, of Sorin, or by communicating with the Lecturer, Box 73, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Great things are promised for the next meeting which will be held February 23. Besides some good speakers, there will be two very good musical numbers, comedy entertainment, and food. Watch the bulletins for further particulars.

SCRIBBLERS ELECT TWO

At their regular meeting Monday night, the Scribblers filled two vacancies in the club by electing Clarence Ruddy and Jack Mullen to membership. Ruddy is known over the campus as the editor of the *Notre Dame Lawyer* and as an officer of the Players Club. Mullen, who recently became a member of the SCHOLASTIC staff, has been a prominent campus writer; his work has appeared frequently in the SCHOLASTIC.

DUFFY ADDS TO LIBRARY

Mr. Frank Duffy, Secretary of the Carpenters' Union long a benefactor and friend of the University Library, has recently added to the Library's collection of labor literature. Mr. Duffy's most recent gifts consist of numbers to complete the Library's files of the *American Federationist*, *The Carpenter* and *Annual Reports of the American Federation of Labor*. He has also given to the Library a much valued copy of Mr. Samuel Gompers' book, "Seventy Years of Life and Labor."

THE WHEEL OF LIFE

Paul Morand, formerly professor of the Beaux-Arts in Paris and now instructor of French at the University of Minnesota, has characterized students as "truly wonderful." With only ten minutes left of the class period, a young co-ed swept into his room and nonchalantly took a seat.

"You are rather late, Miss," from the professor.

"Yes I know. But I had so many things to do that I couldn't possibly afford to come to the class any sooner, and since I haven't any cuts left, I simply had to come," replied the co-ed.

"I'm afraid I'll have to count you absent. In ten more minutes the dismissal bell will ring."

Hurriedly picking up her books and making for the door the fair co-ed said: "In that case I don't think I'll stay. There are so many more important things I could do."

The flags of Columbia University were placed at half mast in the memory of Desire Mercier, Cardinal of Belgium. President Butler of the University who came into close contact and had a warm friendship with Cardinal Mercier said, "One almost forgives the great war, its horrors and its cruelties, because of the fact that it revealed to the world the dominating figure and the magnificent personality of the Cardinal." A splendid tribute from a learned and broad man.

About fifty students are enrolled in the camp cookery class at Oregon University. Both men and girls are taking the course but the men predominate. As a part of the mid-year problem, every member was required to make a "handsome, wholesome loaf of bread," and present it for inspection. Last year, in a similar class, the loaves made by the men averaged higher than those made by the girls. O tempora! O mores!

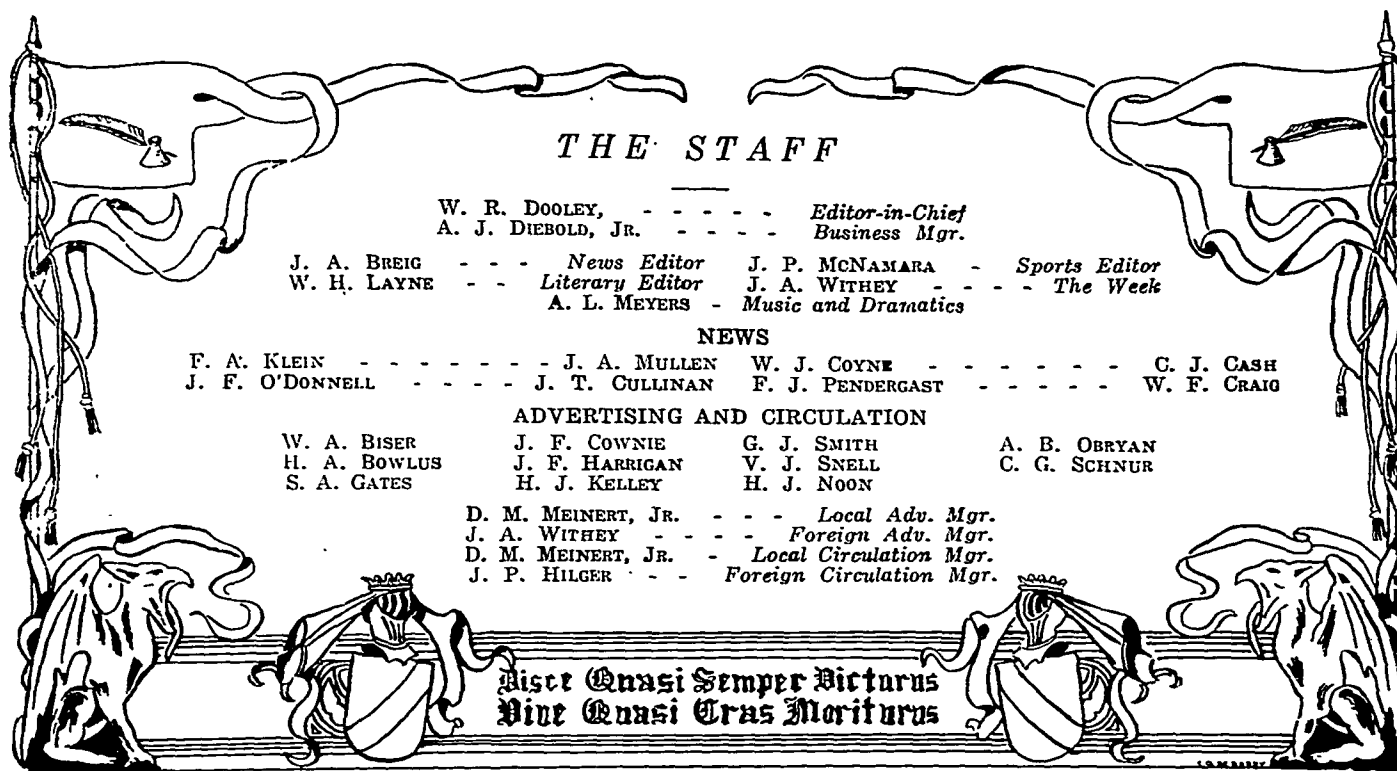
University diplomas testifying that the bearer is an adept in the Charleston will

soon be issued by the Sorbonne, if the French government heeds the appeal of the Paris dancing instructors. The jazz sheepskins will confer the title of "professeur de danse." Resolutions demanding rigid regulation of the teaching of dancing were adopted by the Paris dancing masters, who protest that the lounge lizards, gigolos, and loose characters in general are ruining the reputation of a respectable profession.

The most radical change in the views of Columbia Seniors in the last year, according to the answers to the annual questionnaire, is that a majority of this year's class would marry for money, while the greater number of last year's would not. Asked if they had ever attended daily chapel, 73 said no while 36 said yes. Which means that less than 50 percent of Columbia Seniors know what the inside of the college chapel looks like. The average yearly income expected by the Seniors five years after graduation is \$5,000 while last year the figure was set at \$6,000. Interesting! Fifty seven Seniors intend to remain bachelors, while thirty-nine disavow bachelor tendencies. And to add insult to injury, "The American Mercury" was chosen as the favorite magazine. Paging Father O'Hara.

Shakespeare once said that all the world's a stage and we're the players on it. He reckoned without college men according to the opinions of Mr. Leon Errol, American comedian of "Clothes Make the Pirate" fame. Errol states that he has noticed few college men do anything sensational in dramatics, and that schools of dramatic art at universities are fine for students' amusement but they do not produce actors. He adds, "College men as actors are, as a rule, remarkably successful at football." And now the mystery has been solved. The Players Club at Notre Dame must be under the guidance of Mr. Errol. No action—but the editorial page has spoken of this and we place aside the Players Club with a similar charity to that which was evidenced with the burial of the shelter station.

—J.T.C.



SNEAKY CHILDREN

A man who acts like a child is either thoughtless or defective. Admission to a university would seem to obviate any notable influx of those unfortunate individuals who are mentally deficient. On thoughtlessness, therefore, must be placed the blame for the current epidemic of childish actions among Notre Dame men.

The hissing of officials at athletic contests is so foolishly puerile that comment on it in a college magazine should be unnecessary. And yet such comment has recently found its way into our columns, with, we admit, a good deal of justification. Several officials at athletic contests on this campus have lately remarked on the sudden appearance of "razzers" in the Notre Dame stands. They are men who have officiated at Notre Dame contests for years, men who have become accustomed to the sportsmanship of a Notre Dame audience; and they are consequently very much surprised to find accorded them the exact apposite of the treatment which they have learned to expect.

Why this sudden reversal of form? Tradition does not support it: the Undergraduate Manual states, "Baiting of officials or players is utterly contrary to Notre Dame traditions. It is considered very poor sportsmanship, and those guilty of it will be prop-

erly rebuked." Such conduct is both cowardly and ungentlemanly. If thoughtlessness be the cause of it, the remedy is not far to seek. Think a little, you would-be hissers, before you brand yourselves as sneaky children.

THE JUNIOR PROM

To-night the Junior class of Notre Dame celebrates socially its third year of college activity, and fittingly, it celebrates with cheer and music and dancing. Tonight Notre Dame and South Bend belong to the Junior Class.

Three chapters have been nearly completed in the history of the Junior Class. They are fine chapters; the class of '27 has proved itself. In every branch of Notre Dame life the men of '27 have been leaders: in athletics, in music, in art, in literature these men have left the stamp of their worth at Notre Dame.

One more year, and the Junior class of this year will be approaching graduation. The men of '27 will be preparing for the step that will lead them from careless boyhood to responsible manhood. Notre Dame, next year, may bid them adieu with joy, for Notre Dame will know that the men of '27 will carry her banners high. To-night we rejoice with the Juniors.

The Accomplishment

M. A. AGGELER, '28

JACK QUINLAN'S roadster purred softly as he idled down the crowded driveway of the Ambassador Arms; but the fluffy little form beside him was not in harmony with the smooth running motor. Any stranger would have thought these two in an ordinary matrimonial quarrel, but the pretty blonde in this case was not Mrs. Quinlan, and to all within hearing distance she would never be Mrs. Quinlan.

"You'll never embarrass me again like this, Jack Quinlan," she went on. "There was no reason in the world why such a thing should have happened. Nobody but a roughneck ever acted like you have. What will everyone think? Why, nearly every person I know in Los Angeles was there. You certainly showed your true colors tonight but you'll never get a chance to perform in my presence again. If I didn't think it would create another scene, I'd call a cab."

During the storm of protest and declarations of disgust hurled upon him, the ill-fated driver remained silent. His troubled face was intent upon the road and he was inhaling his cigarette deeply. As "his Winnie" continued he became more and more convinced that he was at fault. Not for an instant did her outbursts provoke retaliation. She was right. He didn't deserve to marry her if he had no control of his temper. Twice they had been forced to leave the Green Mill on account of his foolishness! And that affair at the Montmartre when they were taken to Night Court! Yes, she had stood for an awful lot of embarrassment. He had brought this upon himself by his lack of self-control, and now he was paying for his indiscretion. What a fool he was to start a mixup tonight. There was no call for a fight, yet he had battered Treaton something fierce, and made a show of himself before all of Winnie's friends. It would be hard to explain things to her. Oh! if she would cry, or faint, or do something. This talk from "his Winnie" hurt so. They

were almost home and he had offered nothing.

The storm subsided and a cold calm prevailed as the roadster approached the Harris' West Adams residence. This was Jack Quinlan's hour and he meant to spend it well. They came to a stop, and after Winnie surrendered to his first attempt to prolong the evening, he gained confidence. The intervening conversation made her second attempt less determined, and her self-willed failure brought smoother words from the troubled one.

About an hour later Jack led his "only hope and ambition in life" to the front door.

"Have all the servants turned in, honey?" he asked.

"Yes, but I have my key and besides I think Dad is still up. There's a light in his study. You better go, Jack, you need sleep. Anyway Dad is liable to stroll out here for some fresh air, and you know how he hates these late hours. Good night."

"Good night, Winnie."

"Remember your promise," she called after him.

"Don't worry, I will."

It was a good five miles to the more modest neighborhood where Quinlan and his friend and advisor, Bill Stump, shared a two room apartment. The roadster was also a fifty-fifty proposition with the boys, but outsiders always referred to it as "Jack's Jordan" and through use it had become almost that to the owners. They had roomed together for four years at Santa Clara, these two, and they had come to Los Angeles to try out whatever the legal profession had to offer. A year was now passed since graduation, and neither had added any sensational amounts to his already comfortable income. But the occupants of Apt. 273 did not lack ambition. More than once the publishing companies considered Stump's offers, and he had contributed several short-stories to a local paper. Only lately was

Bill given solely to literary pursuits. Like his father and grandfather, Jack gave all his efforts to the law. For the present he was seeking experience in a small civil service position. He had taken the examination for Deputy District Attorney soon after his dealings with the State Board, so it was with some anxiety that he awaited the appointment.

When Jack reached the apartment he found his roommate in the back room, pounding enthusiastically on the typewriter, too deeply engrossed in his work to notice the newcomer. This was no strange sight for Jack, for he had found the potent young author similarly engaged at even later hours.

After shedding his coat and neck-tie, which he tossed on the table beside his hat, Jack lit a cigarette and fingered it unconsciously as he recalled the evening's happenings. Yes, he had been the winner but it took all his powers of persuasion, and he had been given an awful scare! Winnie was sure some kid and he was a chump to be always starting trouble. Here was Bill, as much in love with his work as he was with Winnie, and Bill was happy. There was no sour third party worrying Bill. Damn it, why was old man Harris such a fanatic!

The smell of Jack's cigarette brought Bill into the presence of his pensive roommate. He had been on the typewriter since midnight, without a break, and the sight of Jack was a welcome one. What was wrong now? Was he in more trouble with that girl? These moods of Jack's when he "looked like a modern sculptor's interpretation of Thought" never had quite agreed with Bill. Some girl was always the cause of them and they spelled trouble every time. Well, he'd find out the trouble. Jack always gave him the "dope" on his love affairs. Why, his face was scratched! He knew now—another fight; and Winnie had lit into him again.

"Come out of it, come out of it. You've been looking at that phonograph long enough; now give me some attention."

"Oh! Bill! What d'ya say?" blurted Jack, half-startled.

"Nothing much, my boy, except that I'm

anxious to get all the particulars on this evening's entertainment. Was Winnie's old man on you again? How come the cut face? Come on, spit it out! I just got a lad out of an awful mess on those sheets," he motioned towards the Portable, "and I feel like an expert at solving Life's problems. Boy oh boy! something surely connected with your forehead. Come out, start explainin' or you might as well put those clothes back on again. It's three-thirty now."

Not much coaxing was needed to make Jack take the floor. The little there was could have been eliminated, had he known just where to begin. These two had exchanged confidences since the first few weeks they were together and this was the big thing that bound their friendship. So it was with the air of one making a confession that Jack began the latest episode of the tale in which Winnie and himself were the principal characters, and to Jack, her father the most villainous of villains. Bill Stump had seen Winnie only once and he had never seen her father, yet he knew these two as well as any of his self-created characters.

"I went off my nut tonight at the Ambassador and mixed it up with this Treaton," he began. "You know him, the jeweler's son. Well, Winnie threw a fit because I created such a scene and so we left in a hurry. She raised Cain all the way home, but finally I managed to snap her out of it."

"Say, that's about the third mix-up you've had in a month. This just about broke things up right, didn't it? You can hardly blame her for getting sore. It's pretty embarrassing for a girl when her escort gets in a jam at such nice places. But she shouldn't make the fusses that she does! How did this thing start tonight?"

"Well, this Treaton had the table next to ours, and he kept coming over and pestering me for a dance with Winnie. Winnie hadn't danced all evening, not even with me, and when she told him this he began to get pretty sarcastic."

"Was he drunk?" inquired Bill.

"He thought he was and that was the thing that went against the grain. If he had not been under the weather I would

have taken him outside. But as it was I knew things were going to happen right in the center of that crowd of people, and most of them friends of Winnie's. Well, you know how I get. So this pest lasted about two more minutes, during which I considered going home several times, and then I finally let myself loose. There wasn't much of a fight to it. Just enough to make things bad. All the while he had been hanging around, Winnie kept warning me about a commotion and telling me not to pay any attention to him. I'm telling you the truth, Bill, I held back as long as I could, but he burnt me up worse than anybody I've ever met."

"How did you ever get Winnie back to normal again," asked Bill. "You must have had a close call."

"Oh, I did some tall talking and reminded her for the fiftieth time that I loose my head when things like that happen. She's a peach of a kid, Bill. I consider myself plenty lucky. I gotto be mighty careful after this. One more show like that, no matter where, and we'll be separated for good. When I stop to think, I've made a promise that'll be mighty hard to keep."

"How are you bound up now? Boy you'll have an awful job after you marry that girl, if she's making you toe the mark already."

Jack agreed to his companion's prophesy by remaining quiet. He realized that he was being influenced greatly by this very feminine creature; but hadn't he been in the wrong every time they quarrelled? She would probably consider him spineless if he let anyone walk over him. Strange creatures, these women, damn strange!

"Her father is a queer duck," ventured Bill, after they were in bed. "He wasn't going so big when he got married. That's about the most ridiculous complex I've ever heard of. Why should he worry what you've accomplished as long as you have enough bucks to keep a family? Boy, you're havin' a hell of a time between those two. If the old man would wise up one of these days you'd probably pull another Dempsey and then good-bye fiance for a stretch."

"I can say good-bye permanently if I ever blow up again like I did tonight. She said

she'd never marry a man with so little control of his temper. She made me promise I'd never do it again, Bill."

"Listen Jack! That was narrow-minded on her part. You've been yourself all along and she doesn't appreciate the fact. She might as well get the idea out of her head that marriage means reformation. Oh, lots of these boys make great fiances and damn poor husbands. You're at least letting her know what kind of a husband she is angling for. There's been no deception with you. Strange complexes must run through the whole Harris family." Bill Stump was hot at the fact that his closest friend should be putting up with such childish actions, and he meant to let him know they were anything but sensible.

Quinlan seemed to come to himself at these last words and he gave assent to his roommate's statements. "I'm going to tell Winnie tomorrow that her dad has held out long enough. You're right about my being in a position to marry. I'll see the old man personally. Oh hell, let's get some sleep."

"Yea, bo."

The President of the Harris Detective Agency prided himself in two possessions—his family and a clean record for solving most mysterious mysteries. Always he had been a doer of things, and nearly always he succeeded, if success were possible. He bore great respect for men of accomplishments, and they need not be millionaires, nor anything near millionaires. He held only resentment for those who lived off their ancestors' efforts. So it was only natural that such distrust should be the cause of disapproving his daughter Winifred's choice. Yes, he agreed Jack Quinlan was an ambitious lad; but what so far had his ambitions accomplished for him? There were thousands of other young men doing the same things and hoping the same hopes as Jack.

It was just past supper hour at this particular individual's home and the family were gathered in the library for a *demi-tasse*. With the elder Harris these after dinner gatherings were a source of comfort "that all men should experience if they appreciated real beauty in life." Since the death of his wife, five years previous, his interest

and devotion to his family had increased greatly. On this particular evening, which was the day following Jack's affair at the Ambassador, Harris was relating the latest mystery to his daughters and youthful son. He always discussed his problem with them and they were always interested.

"A most remarkable case," he was saying, "and to make matters more puzzling, Canby is laid up with his leg. This leaves us without a soul to investigate things up in San Francisco. Not much of a clue up there, but a little too good to pass by."

After he had related the case to the satisfaction of everyone, the children went about their various occupations, which were all concerned with going somewhere or other. Winnie was the last to excuse herself.

"What's your program for tonight, Winnie?" asked her father as she was leaving the room.

"Oh, nothing special. Jack and I are going to take a drive. Possibly we'll go down to the beach."

"When he comes send him in to see me," he instructed. "I'll be in the library here for an hour or so."

All day long Jack Quinlan had thought about his experience of the night before. Yes, he would see her father this very night, and he would tell him that he had a right to marry Winnie. And he'd tell Winnie a few things too. That promise of his was going to be hell to keep!

Quinlan reached the Harris home shortly after the family had left the library. No persuasion was needed to make him look up Mr. Harris, and these two spent a quiet half hour, much to Jack's surprise. Then Winnie appeared in the library.

"Hello Jack!" she broke in.

"Good evening, Winnie," he replied, rising and coming towards her.

"Have a good time, children," called Mr. Harris as he left the room.

"We will," he was assured.

Jack was now resting easy. Harris had shown him more consideration in the last few minutes than he had in all the while they were acquainted. Wait until Winnie

hears about her father's offer! And didn't Winnie look beautiful! This was "his Winnie."

They had barely left the house when Jack began: "What have you done to your father?" he said.

"Nothing at all, Jack. Why? What's up now?"

"Well," he continued, "I had made up my mind to come to a final understanding with him about our marriage, and when I went in there tonight he seemed to be expecting me."

"Oh, that's right," she put in. "He told me he wanted to see you. What did he want?"

"He's given me a little job up in San Francisco and I leave in the morning. I guess he wants to see what I can do. I sure hope I can come through. This may make our wedding very soon, dear."

Jack's original intention of "telling Winnie a few things" had vanished. At last he had something definite, and now his Winnie seemed sweeter than ever. The fact that her father had given him a chance to win her, quite swept the young lawyer off his feet. Although detective work was not in his line he had accepted this under the name of an investigation. Why, he'd be foolish to scold her about that promise of his. She was trying to help him. But Bill had talked so harshly about her. He didn't know women, Bill, that was why! He had made a promise and no one, not even Bill, could make him break it. Anyhow, Winnie would think him a weakling if he tried to wriggle out of it. And Winnie would be right. She deserved more consideration than he. Women always did.

Everything seemed bright for Quinlan when he returned to the apartment after a refreshing drive to the beach. At last things were beginning to break his way. He was whistling a popular tune as he entered the room where Bill was eagerly at work just like the night previous.

"The boy feels pretty good tonight, eh?" Stump seemed to welcome the chance to give his fingers a rest.

"Darn good, and you better start preparations for the Harris-Quinlan affair one of these mornings."

"So the cave-man stuff went over big? What did you do, make the old man feel ashamed of himself?"

With these last remarks Jack explained how Mr. Harris had given him the investigation work in San Francisco.

"Are you grabbing the Daylight?" asked Stump a few minutes later.

"Nothing else except. You better call me at six-thirty."

The mystery in whose solution Jack was given a minor part was indeed a baffling one. All the information he had been furnished was that several invaluable paintings, from no less than six different families, were missing. The thieves were evidently well schooled as they replaced the empty frames with duplicates, only detectable on very close study. In every case the thefts were discovered when time had erased any possible clues. The complaints had been filed within a few days of each other but in every case the robbed ones could furnish no worthwhile information. A similar case had been reported in San Francisco and it was for here that Jack hastened to get the full particulars. Harris would have gone himself had it been important enough. But nothing startling had developed so far. So he gave his daughter's choice a chance to become her father's. Possibly there would be leads rising from this northern robbery, and under the present circumstances, a lead would indeed be an accomplishment.

The train arrived too late for Jack to start his work, and when his cousin, who had met him, suggested dancing somewhere, he politely agreed. Like all debutantes of less than a year are wont to do, when the destination is left to them, she brought him to the Cafe Lafayette; one of those places where the cigarette girl dares you to take your change and the waiter almost joins the party.

Jack was feeling a little out of humor so it was quite an effort to appear overly pleasant. Twice on the train he had felt the blood rushing to his cheeks—once during

a smoking room argument with an ignorant mechanic, and once when a too jocular individual hedged into the crowded diner ahead of him. And now! this foreigner was too friendly for a waiter! He'd fool him though! These fellows that almost embraced guests were beggars!

At the end of two hours or so of dancing, broken only by more solicitation by the now almost despised waiter, it was mutually agreed to start for home. After paying the check, Jack tossed two odd dimes on the table. He was tired and very irritable, and it was when he felt this way that things always went wrong. At this action the waiter passed some remark that struck Quinlan as anything but complimentary, and with the insult all thoughts of his promise to Winnie failed to come to him. Nor was his cousin in any position to interfere. She had sought the dressing room immediately after they had decided to go.

Whether the fistic encounter that resulted was bloody or not had no effect on the interfering plain-clothes man. A few minutes later found the two participants before the desk-sergeant at Central Station. And it was not the fact that his opponent bore a broken nose that grieved Jack to tears. He had broken faith with Winnie. He knew the consequences.

But fate was not through for the evening. There was an exceptional crowd of detectives in the station at the time that Jack and the whimpering foreigner were ushered in. After the bellowing officer, handling the clerical work, finished his inquiry of Jack, he called for the other prisoner.

"Your name?" blurted the sergeant.

"Joe Mollitz," was the answer.

"Joe Mollitz hell!" broke in a thick necked custodian of the law, stepping up to the desk. "His name is Pierre Gardeau and he's a two-term. We better hold him in case the chief would want to question him a bit."

The morning after a remorseful night in jail brought unthought of news to Jack. The "chief" happened to be very interested in Gardeau, the waiter. It was after Jack paid twenty-five greenbacks to an unscrupulous magistrate that he found the result of

the "chief's" interest in the morning *Examiner*. He was struck almost dumb. The paper had a detailed account of his fight of the night before and how it was incidental in uncovering "several big painting robberies both in this city and in Los Angeles." It exposed the workings of this particular gang of which Gardeau was a leader. Parts of Gardeau's confession were printed. When asked what his business was in securing a position as a waiter, he had stated that it was in these places that all of the gang's leads were secured. "Most of the time we could operate just on the information I got in cafes, working as a waiter," he said.

Jack Quinlan was completely stunned when he finished reading the account. His business was over now, but there wasn't much use in going back to Los Angeles. Winnie would learn all about how he broke his promise and she would never forgive him. And Mr. Harris would be the same as ever, now that the mystery was solved. So he boarded a trolley for his cousin's. He had sent her home from the scene the night before and was anxious to explain things.

At his destination there was a telegram awaiting him. He opened it hurriedly and read: "An extraordinary accomplishment. Congratulations, Nathan Harris."

On reading the wire Jack was more bewildered than before. Why should Harris make sport of him? Why should he telegraph such sarcasm? What did it all mean? He really didn't have a chance to prove himself able and Harris wires him such a thing as this! He might be able to lead him along, but Jack Quinlan would never stand

for being the butt of someone's poor joking and sarcasm. He'd tell Harris this time: he wouldn't weaken like he did the other night. And as for Winnie, well, there wasn't much use in approaching her.

Jack, angered at everyone and everything, ached to call down Nathan Harris. So it was his temper that caused him to catch the first possible train for home.

Arriving at Apt. 273, he mumbled some unintelligible salutation to his perplexed roommate, and went straight to the telephone. Nor did he take any heed of Stump as the operator delayed him. Every moment of waiting increased his pent up fury. At last he was going to tell Harris what he really thought!

It was Harris himself that answered.

"Hello."

"Hello,—Quinlan speaking. I just—"

"O, Jack; already? That was fine work, boy, fine work, and we're all proud of you." Jack conquered the desire to swear into the mouthpiece, and after a few more remarks by Harris, he realized that the old man was serious.

"I don't—"

"There's no call for an explanation, my boy. You better keep your methods to yourself. You certainly ran down Gardeau in a hurry. Fine work, boy, fine work. Say, come on up to the office. Winnie has been buying a few things for the wedding and looks pretty hungry. Hurry, and we can all lueh together."

"What the ——!!" murmured Bill Stump as his roommate ran out of the apartment.

WHEN WE DANCED

Rippling rhythm from a rhythmic band
 Dryads drooping—waiting for a man
 Sudden triumph in the measure and the beat
 She is slyly blushing 'neath her fan.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28

Cardinal Mercier

REV. CORNELIUS HAGERTY, C.S.C.

"They that explain me shall have life everlasting."—Eccli. xxiv, 31.

If Pope Pius X. deserves to be remembered as the pope who gave us frequent and daily Holy Communion, Leo XIII. ought to be remembered as a great friend and advocate of intellectual life. One of the earliest of his great encyclicals was an exhortation to the Catholic world to cultivate sound doctrine by a study of Scholastic philosophy, especially the philosophy of St. Thomas. He insisted that most of the trouble with the modern world was that it was wrong-headed; that it could hardly be expected to act right until it learned to think right; in particular he declared that the hostility of men of learning to Christianity was due to the scientists' ignorance of philosophy and the philosophers' ignorance of science. The one group, dealing constantly with material things, tend to deny the reality of the spiritual world; the other group, dealing with the abstract and universal, tend to deny the physical world. The remedy is to be found in encouraging young men to study science and philosophy together and to study them for the love of truth,—not with a view to preparing for a profession, earning credits, winning arguments or, even answering atheists, but for the sake of truth itself.

Truth belongs to Christians as much and more than to others; for those only can be said to know the truth who are aware not only of the facts of external experience but who can correlate and unify their information into a scientific, organic whole. The Church has nothing to fear from the truth. Her enemy is ignorance—the ignorance, on the one hand, of narrow bigoted specialists who cut off a portion of knowledge and magnify it until they are aware of nothing else;

and the ignorance, on the other hand, of the defender of the faith who does not know science and makes his cause ridiculous by trying to reply to scientific objections he does not comprehend. Let the young men of our Catholic schools seek some of their adventures and excitement in the realm of truth. Let them pursue truth for the love of it. Let them study science and philosophy together. The Church has no desire to uphold one proposition of ancient philosophy which is shown to be contradicted by established facts.

Leo XIII. had been papal nuncio to Belgium; he admired the University of Louvain; he wished to establish there a centre of Scholastic philosophy whose special aim would be the assimilation of modern science. In 1880 he requested a chair of Thomistic philosophy at Louvain and appointed Dr. Mercier to fill it. In 1888, realizing the task he assigned was beyond the strength of any one man, he asked for more chairs of philosophy at Louvain. He wanted professors who could teach science as well as philosophy. He knew they should not be overburdened with class-work or be expected individually to cover the whole field of science and philosophy; their labors should supplement one another. He gave as a personal gift 150,000 francs to help pay the salaries of these professors and he exhorted the people of Belgium to be generous in supporting the movement. He wanted students—not too many, but the most talented—who would devote themselves to science and philosophy for the sake of truth and he wanted teachers who would be in touch with facts and experience as well as with abstract definitions and principles.

It is the glory of Cardinal Mercier that he carried out Leo's plan with intelligence and ardor,—even, perhaps, beyond the expectations of the great pope. St. Thomas' School of Philosophy or The Institute of Philosophy was founded in 1888 and was

* Sermon delivered at memorial service, Sacred Heart Church, Sunday, February 7.

brought to a close by the war in 1914; during these twenty-five years the influence of Scholastic philosophy wedded to modern science at Louvain spread far and wide. Even now we have Dr. De Wulf teaching the History of Scholastic Philosophy at Harvard and writing of it in such a way that it is no longer safe for a learned man to say that the Scholastics were occupied merely with unreal abstractions and word-spinning. Modern science is beginning to realize that neither materialism nor idealism can interpret her facts; that much better hope is held out by the dualism of Aristotle and St. Thomas.

We honor Cardinal Mercier, therefore, as the leader and guiding genius of the most influential school of neo-Scholastic philosophy; as the co-founder with Leo XIII. of the neo-Scholastic movement; we honor him as a teacher and writer who had intellect to recognize truth and courage to give it a welcome no matter from what source it came; we honor him as a man who helped to restore Scholastic philosophy to her true position as queen of the sciences. He fought for autonomy for the philosophical faculty; he objected to having his students assigned their classes, no matter what credit system was in vogue, by men who did not understand the whole field of knowledge or the bearing of one branch upon another; he fought to have philosophy taught in the vernacular rather than in Latin so that lay students as well as clerics could profit by it; so that the clerics themselves should be made to realize philosophy had an absolute utility of its own and was not merely a preparation for theology.

These are good lessons for us in America. Philosophy is too modest here. Why should there be autonomous schools of Science, Engineering, Law, Medicine at our American Universities and Philosophy, whose task is greater than any other, be dominated by an alien faculty into which are jumbled all the odds and ends of college courses which nowadays are called A. B.? Leo XIII. says truly wherever sound philosophy has flourished the liberal arts flourish under its protection and are its glory. In America the liberal arts have suffered the same fate as philos-

ophy. They have been crowded into the background by applied science and the result has been intellectual decay. Orestes Brownson said in 1852: "The majority of Americans have so far lost their hold on first principles that they no longer feel bound by the conclusions of arguments. Hence they are no longer amenable to reason." If this was true in Brownson's day, it is infinitely more so now when students of American universities are as countless as the sands on the seashore. After one has made use of a perfectly sound argument for the existence of God or the freedom of the will, he is apt to encounter the reply, "Well, that is your opinion." The Religious Orders of America, from now on will render more service to Truth and the cause of Christ if they concentrate their forces on teaching theology, philosophy in union with the sciences and liberal arts, allowing lay institutions to look after professional studies and the applied sciences. In America we have no true intellectual leadership; we need to train young men who have intellects and who are willing to develop them by seeking truth for its own sake as well in the region of abstract, universal principles as in the domain of concrete, particular facts.

We honor Cardinal Mercier today as a philosopher and a great teacher,—not as a war-hero. For his services to the Allies he has been acclaimed throughout America and all the countries which benefited by his intellectual and moral might. Even his enemies admit "he was an intellect" and recognize in him the power of intelligence in the world's affairs. For my own part, I can not forbear on this occasion to express my sympathy with the great-hearted Flemish people who are seeking to have applied to themselves the principle of self-determination for which they fought so gallantly. Belgium is a buffer-state, a diplomatic creation, composed about equally of Walloons, who are French, and Flemings, who are Teutons. The higher clergy of Belgium, who are practically all French, have never sympathized as we could wish with the aspirations of the great soul of Flanders. Flanders, lovely Flanders, great inspirer of Christian art and

(Concluded on page 542)

Six Little Pearls

JOHN F. O'DONNELL, '26

I RECENTLY acquired six little pearls: a trio of boys and a trio of girls. From left to right they are: Almira, Dorinda, Leonora, Stanley, Theodore and Julian. The girls are dainty and as pretty as anyone ever saw. They help me in the preparation of my food to such an extent that I wonder how I ever managed without them. Some day when they grow up—but let us not consider that. The boys, too, assist me in the prerequisites of digestion. They help me grind the wheat. The sextet are not as ordinary youngsters. They never ask foolish questions and they are so contented among themselves that they never ask to go out to play. They stay in their places and are silent.

But these little pearls—please don't accuse me of being namby-pamby when I call them little pearls—these little pearls remind me that I am showing the first stages of senility. They make a fellow feel age creeping upon him. The little pearls—I can't think of them as children—make me look forward to the time when I shall be called "grandpa." And by that name I shall be taking some curly-headed youngster on my knee and repeating the story of "The Three Bears" or relating some deed of bravery performed in a war or telling him how much more pleasant it is to go to school now than when I went to school. I shall be telling him how I used to be required to walk four blocks to school with the temperature at forty (above) while now he has only three blocks

and a heated limousine to protect him from the winds of winter.

With "grandfatherism" comes the privilege of reminiscence. Soon I shall be able to look back upon that Democratic convention of 1924 and remember (aloud) that it took more than fifty ballots to select a presidential candidate. And less clearly in my mind there will be my meeting with Ben Turpin in—let's see—that was the year that I swam the river—I guess it was about 1920. And then my college days! Those were the days! We had real fun in college *then*!

With these little pearls and age come feebleness and rheumatism. I will feel in my joints every coming change of the weather. Flippant youths will call me "the old man with barometric knees." I will have my favorite chair and a corn cob pipe. (In anticipation of the latter, I have—and smoke—a corn cob pipe.) I will pitch horseshoes and play checkers with all the gravity of a lad taking exams. I will suffer from poor circulation—of money, perhaps, as well as of blood. Oh, these little pearls! They make me feel old and I haven't a gray hair in my head!

* * * *

That molasses candy! It got Julian all sticky! And Dorinda's a sight! In fact, I had to take them all out and wash the candy off them. My little pearls! You can bet I won't eat molasses candy very soon again. But I didn't know. I have had them only a week. The next time I eat molasses candy I'll first take out my six false teeth.



Over the Radio

E. C. REX, '27

THE MUSIC made three flourishes and died gradually. From the cavern of the loud speaker rose the voice of the special announcer.

"You have been listening to 'Lutius' by Cirousk, played in the Main Dining Room of the Reed Hotel—"

With no warning sound, the message was broken. Sitting alone by the stove in his little farmhouse room, Farmer Graves showed no impatience, but puffed stoically on his pipe. Upstairs his wife prepared for bed; outside the night was quiet; a board in the storm kitchen creaked. Then the tubes began to oscillate and a new voice droned from the set:

"This is the Daily Broadcast, operating from station WHI. A bulletin from Ionia informs us that Richard Horning, alias Killer Jones has escaped from the Michigan State prison."

The announcer paused deliberately. Farmer Graves, in his complacency, refused to grasp the importance of the message. He still relaxed in his chair, waiting for the speaker to proceed.

"The bulletin says the officials are searching to the south—"

Again the receiving set was silent. Farmer Graves was not so patient this time, for with a muttered word, he lunged toward the set, twisting a dial quickly. As an inveterate reader of a country paper, he remembered the events connected with the incarceration of the killer. He had groaned at the news that this new menace had been brought from the lonely Peninsula region. To him it was lamentable that a monster, caught in one

section of the land, was forced upon another irresponsible section, even though he were imprisoned. The murders of the killer; moreover, had been particularly horrible and revolting. His ghastly crimes seemed to have been committed without feeling. The new law against capital punishment, however, had saved him from the gallows.

Hardly had Farmer Graves realized that he was but twenty-five miles south of the prison when the sound of a shot broke through the night. Leaving the still-silent radio, he crossed the room to his shotgun. He shivered in the bracing night air just outside the storm kitchen, and looked about him in the insufficient starlight. As he left the door and moved ahead, he could see the familiar hulks of the barns and coops about him.

Suddenly, something to his right jerked rapidly. Farmer Graves could feel the blood pounding at his forehead, while his eyes saw a red wall. He raised the gun to his shoulders, feeling that he was conspicuous in the open yard. Just when he had managed to control his unsteady nerves, there was another movement, and he fired.

When Farmer Graves returned to his room, the radio was again in operation, and a familiar voice was drawling:

"The Daily Broadcast, W H I, announcing. We have just received a report from Ionia saying that Killer Jones was shot down a few miles south of Grand Rapids by the officers who were hunting him."

Cackling hysterically, Farmer Graves held up before his astonished wife the carcass of a weasel.

DISCOVERY

Who is dancing? In the dawn I see
Ancient triumphs blooming in disguise
We were dancing. In the reckless sway
I caught a look of sorrow in your eyes.

—CORNELIUS SHEA, '28

SPORT NEWS

Orangemen Outclassed: 26-14

Sounds like a political science head doesn't it? Well the Illini found out all about this "Irish Question" at Urbana last Saturday evening when Captain Vince McNally and his sharp shooters dropped in to annex another Big Ten scalp.



CLEM CROWE

It was the thirteenth game for the Irish; there was the old Illinois jinx, hoodoo, Indian sign or whatever you wish to call it, but the co-ordination, dash, and accuracy of the Flying Fenians was not to be denied. At no time in the contest were they headed, and completely outplayed their conference opponents at every turn. The 6,500 that jammed the new Illinois hardwood emporium were given a treat in the well balanced brand of play displayed by the Blue and Gold. Passing that was characteristically "click-click" in its machine like precision and long distance shots that nestled the ball in the lace with regularity gave the visitors the decided advantage.

Johnnie Nyikos inaugurated the scoring just after the initial toss-up when he dropped one through from close quarters. This was followed by a brace of counters from mid-floor by Crowe and one by Nyikos, giving the Keoganites a substantial working lead. There was no let-up in the brilliant work and at the half time the scoring stood: Notre Dame 15, Illinois 10.

In the second frame the Illini came back with visions of turning the tide and for a while stopped the Celtic onslaught. But this was only a transitory halt and soon the Gold and Blue scoring machine got under

way again. When it did break loose it was like an epidemic of the measles and the pointage was almost doubled before the timers called it a game. Mike Nyikos made his return bow to Western Conference circles late in the game when he took brother Johnnie's place. Mike contributed a field and foul goal to the Notre Dame pointage in his stay in the contest. In this half the Urbana team fought well and hard but was completely outplayed and outclassed by the superior Irish squad. At no time did they climb within the five-point margin that Coach George Keogan's satellites had amassed and never threatened throughout the entire fray. So it was that Notre Dame hung up a final score of 26 to 14 over their last Big Ten opponent for the season.

To Ray Dahman goes the special mention award. This plucky little guard was everywhere, and covered the floor like a carpet to halt the Illini advance. Beside this he contributed three field goals and two foul goals to his team's total in the scoring. Johnnie Nyikos was next in the pointage list and also played a whale of a game. Johnnie collected three baskets from scrimmage. Clem Crowe turned in a nice game at the forward berth as also did Mike Nyikos. These two worked together very well in the time that Mike was in the fray. The Illinois team blew some good scoring chances and found Louie Conroy a very gifted individual when it came to snagging the sphere off the backboards.

Captain Haines, with seven points resultant of two field and three free tosses, led the home team's scoring column. Daugherty and Martin each contributed one field goal to the cause. In the whole game the Illinois team was able to score but four field goals

which tells the tale of the Irish defense better than we can describe it.

SUMMARY

Illinois (14)	FG	FT	PF	TP
Daugherty, f. -----	1	0	1	2
Martin, f. -----	1	0	3	2
Lipe, f. -----	0	2	1	2
Freeman, f. -----	0	0	0	0
Maurer, c. -----	0	1	3	1
Kassel, g. -----	0	0	2	0
Dalb, g. -----	0	0	0	0
Haines, g. -----	2	3	1	7

Totals -----	4	6	11	14
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Notre Dame (26)	FG	FT	PF	TP
Crowe, f. -----	2	1	3	5
McNally, f. (C.) -----	0	3	1	3
J. Nyikos, c. -----	3	0	4	6
M. Nyikos, c. -----	1	1	0	3
Conroy, g. -----	0	1	3	1
Dahman, g. -----	3	2	1	8

Totals -----	9	8	12	26
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Referee—Kearns, DePaul. Umpire—Si West-over, Indianapolis.

IOWA IRONS IRISH

Out in Iowa, where the corn plant forms the background for most of the meals, the flaming forges of the cauliflower industry are burning brightly and working overtime. Seven husky Notre Dame Irish crawled out of their hob-nails and lumberjackets long enough to realize that the assortment of jabs and hooks which were coming their way couldn't be absorbed by the ordinary nose.

After getting off to a poor start even the brilliant wind-up of the heavy battlers was not enough to defeat the strong Iowa State College at Ames. The Notre Dame battlers dropped their second start, 5 to 2.

Mr. Tex Rickard, who amasses his nickels by crowding natives of the Ghetto or Hell's Kitchen into a smoke-stuffed room where they can watch two lads throw arms at each other, has nothing on this Iowa college which packed a roaring crowd into its Gym to watch the Irish lads take the count.

Only one boneyard ticket was given during the evening and "Chilly" Walsh, of the light-thatched top who played at end, was the unlucky lad to receive the omen. Walsh

waded into a jab which was engineered by one Corey and lingered for awhile in spiritual realms.

The Irish squad put up a great showing in each of the seven battles. Inability to come through with hard attacks when the battling had been almost even was responsible for the Notre Dame team's losing several close decisions and the meet.

Mickey Welsh, the 115 pound puncher, stepped a fast three rounds with Jim Criley and it was called a draw. After an extra period of trading punches, Criley was awarded the decision on points.

Welsh, following his usual custom, tore into his opponent with plenty of fight and daring, but some well aimed blows to the body slowed the Irishman down in the second round. He effected a clever comeback in the third and had the Iowa pug in desperate straits but the bout was called a draw and an extra round decreed.

The fourth round was a genuine thriller. Both boys toed the mark and cut loose with stinging blows but Criley apparently had the best of the argument and was given the decision.

The second fight of the evening was also an extra round affair, "Batling Mike" O'Keefe, the Brownson bearcat, falling before the savage onslaught of "Shorty" Long, Iowa's 125 pound star.

Many of the enthusiasts at the fight said that the O'Keefe-Long bout was the best exhibition of the evening. O'Keefe, who is an A. A. U. champion, showered Long with some fancy shots about the head and body but he did not have the reach and wallop that Long possessed.

After executing a few "feeling out" moves the boys went to it in the second round and made things interesting. The first two rounds were even and the third was also a draw affair. They had been fighting hard and furious and in the extra round, Long's strength cropped out and enabled him to gain a slight edge on the "Battler."

While all the fireworks were going on Harry O'Boyle who comes from Iowa but casts his lot with the Irish, was chuckling up his sleeve because he contributed a marker

to the Notre Dame score without even stepping into the ring. O'Boyle who was to have fought in the light heavy class won his bout on a forfeit when Meyers, Iowa's 175 pounder was waylaid by an attack of the flu.

"Red" Hearden, Captain-elect of the grid squad, who is booked to run a few rings on the grid next fall, got off to a good start when he practiced a brutal stiff-arm on the obliging face of Kendall in the 156 pound class. The Notre Dame red-head didn't have any mercy on the Iowan and after he had spattered up the resin with some tricklings of claret he took things easy for the remainder of the bout.

Hearden has his man at bay from the very start and several times had him on the ropes, verging a knockout. The red-head, who was making his first showing, displayed a good knowledge of the game and also clearly proved that he had a few stings in his hefty soupbone.

"Triphammer" Corey, giant Iowa heavyweight, successfully defended his laurels against "Chilly" Walsh, Notre Dame 185 pounder. Corey, tipping the beams at 200 pounds, dropped one of his specialty blows on Walsh's kisser in the second round.

From the way that "Chilly" went after his quarry many thought that he was trying to take Dempsey's place in some kind of a fiasco with Wills. Walsh won the first round but in the second he dodged into one of Corey's steamers and took the count.

This was the second defeat of the year for Notre Dame outfit. Minus the services of two veterans, Pat Canny and Charlie Springer, the squad was greatly handicapped and facing this obstacle really did put up a creditable showing.

The battlers expected to be in the best form of their career for the swat party with the United States Naval Academy. This contest will be staged in the Notre Dame gym at 3 p. m. Saturday.

The high hat often covers a "low-brow."
—M.C.D.

The best sermons that any man hears are preached in the private pulpit of his own soul.—W.D.G.

PUCKMEN TIE FIRST ON ROAD

Tom Lieb's Notre Dame puckmen tied the first game of the northern series last Saturday to Wisconsin University at Madison in a bitterly contested struggle. The match was played on soft ice, and the start of the meet was delayed until toward evening so as to give the ice a chance to harden. At the end of the three regular playing periods the score stood one up, but the shades of evening had fallen and it was impossible to play an overtime period to decide the match.

The first period was played with a score, but early in the second period, McSorley, Notre Dame's center, made a beautiful shot from the side of the rink for the South Bend team's first and lone counter. McCarter, right defense of the Badger team, evened the count when he took the rubber up the ice unassisted for a close-in shot.

The condition of the ice rendered good hockey impossible but both teams displayed good form and the match was interesting throughout, keeping a large crowd on edge. At times the game became rough and it was necessary to remove men from each side for two or three minute penalties.

The line-up for the Badger encounter was as follows:

Wisconsin (1)	Pos.	Notre Dame (1)
Gross	C.	McSorley
Jansky	R.W.	Martin
Whiteside	L.W.	Hickok
McCarter	R.D.	Timmins
Murphy	L.D.	Boeringer
Ruf	GOAL	Murphy
Spares, Didicker, Kneebone, Carrier.		

MINNESOTA TAKES SECOND GAME

The "terrible Swedes" at Minnesota University were forced into an overtime period to defeat the Liebmen in the second encounter in their trip to the wide-open spaces. This was the second overtime game that the Notre Dame hockey squad encountered on successive days.

McSorley, Notre Dame's center, opened the scoring in the first period with a long shot past Wilken, the Minnesota goal keeper. Kuhlman, left wing for the northerners tied the count and before the period was over

Captain Olson, Minnesota center, scored unassisted.

The second period was easily Notre Dame's. Three goals were scored in the second session to one for the Swedes. McSorley scored two goals, Martin of Notre Dame and Captain Olson of Minnesota one each. During the period Notre Dame outskated and outwitted the opponents.

The third and supposedly final period was considerably slower than the other two sessions. In the opening minutes of the third session, Kuhlman, left wing, scored and tied the count at four all. Neither team was able to score again in the regular game.

In the extra period Minnesota sent in an entirely fresh team and soon Britts, a substitute wing, broke away and scored unassisted. The regulars were sent back and a second goal put the match safely away for Minnesota. Olson, Thompson and Kuhlman starred for the winners. McSorley was by far the most outstanding man in the match. The Irish center mixed in every play and scored three out of the four goals for his team. Jack Hicok and Bud Boeringer were other outstanding stars for the losers. "Snubber" Murphy played a god game at goal tending, successfully stopping 19 shots of the Minnesota forwards. Summary:

Minnesota		Notre Dame
Wilcken	G.	Murphy
Scott	D.	Boeringer
Thompson	D.	Timmins
Olson	W.	McSorley
Flaaten	W.	Martin
Kuhlman	W.	Hicok

Spares—Minnesota—Boos, Lindgren, Ball, Gustafson, Britts, Allison; Notre Dame—Stadell, Holland.

Scoring—First period—McSorley, unassisted, 2; 30; Kuhlman, unassisted, 5; Olson, rebound off Stadell, 7.

Second Period—McSorley, unassisted 2; Olson unassisted 5; McSorley, pass from Hicok, 16; Martin, unassisted, 18.

Third period—Kuhlman, unassisted, 8.

Penalties—first period, McSorley, Olson. Boeringer, McSorley, Britt. Second period—McSorley, Scott, Martin. Third period—Holland, Flaaten.

Over-time—none.

Stops: Wilcken 4-6-0-0—10; Allison: 0-2-1—3; Murphy: 3-2-7-7—19.

Score:

Minnesota	2	1	1	2
Notre Dame	1	3	0	0

ELDER TIES WORLD MARK

Shadows of the great "Bill" Hayes and Elmer Layden, Notre Dame's star dash men of the past, were seen in the form of Jack Elder, a Freshman from the blue-grass state, in a practice meet in the Gym, last Saturday. Elder never competed in track before coming to Notre Dame, but responded to the call for freshman material and has since been proving a sensation. Elder leaped into prominence Saturday by unofficially tying the world's record for the 60-yard dash, by stepping the distance in six and one-fifth seconds. Elder's form is natural and with a little coaching he should be a sensation when he gets into varsity competition next season.

"Scrap" Young hung up a new Gym record by stepping the mile in four minutes thirty-one and two-fifths seconds. Young was forced hard by Dick Collins, who was evidently set on winning from the start.

Two other Gym records were set, for the time being at least, in the meet. A 300-yard dash event and 65-yard low hurdles were added to the usual run of events. Gurnett stepped the tri-century in thirty-three and nine-tenths seconds, and Stace ran the hurdles in eight and one-fifth seconds. These times will stand as gym records.

Captain Paul Harrington took the pole vault at 12 feet 6 inches, but failed in his attempt to clear the bar at 13 feet. Followers are optimistic that this star will get a new world's indoor record before the season is over.

The remainder of the events were below the marks made in the Northwestern dual a week ago. The squad is in excellent shape however for the dual meet at Illinois, to-morrow night, where they meet Coach Gill's highly touted squad.

Marquette sends its squad here the following week. In this meet Dolmage has his work cut out for him when he hooks with Shimek in the two mile event. The Marquette squad is reported to be an evenly balanced one and the meet will be a treat.

Summary of the practice meet held last Saturday:

60-yard dash—Elder, Della Maria, Gurnett. Time, :06 1-5.

Mile run—Young, Collins, Morgan. Time, 4:31 2-5.

60-yard high hurdles—Barron, Doane, Stace. Time, :08 1-5.

High jump—Carey, Doan, Chevigney. Height, 5 ft. 8 1-2 in.

300-yard dash—(1st heat) Della Maria, McGauley. Time, :34. (2nd heat) Gurnett, Goulet. Time, :3-9.

Two-mile run—Dolmage, P. Collins (60 yards), Brown (100 yards). Time, 10:13.

880-yard run—(1st heat) Masterson, Abbott (30 yards). Time, 2:02. (2nd heat) Lopez (40 yards), Slickert (60 yards). Time, 1:59.

Broad jump—McDonald, Barron, Carey. Distance, 20 feet, 4 inches.

Pole vault—Harrington, Hammill, Carey. Height, 12 feet, 6 inches.

Shot put—Boland, Bachman, McDonald. Distance, 42 feet, 6 inches.

Mile relay—Young, R. Collins, Masterson, Nulty. Time, 3:44 1-2.

and Stack, had led teams from Oklahoma and Kansas State until the final lap. Jimmy Stack, running in anchor position, was in some manner tripped by an Oklahoma runner, but regained his footing and carried the baton in eight yards ahead of the Kansas anchor man. The time of the Oklahoma team was three minutes and thirty-five and four-tenths seconds, considered fast for the board track in the Kansas City convention hall. The turns in the track are not banked.

Notre Dame protested the race, claiming a foul had been committed, but the judges ruled that there had been no bodily contact. The fact that Oklahoma won by only a few yards even after Stack had fallen is proof that the Notre Dame team could easily have taken the race.

RELAY TEAM LOSES BY FLUKE

Notre Dame's one-mile relay team lost an unusual race at the Kansas Relays, held at Kansas City, last Friday night. The team composed of McDonald, Coughlin, Lahey

CARDINAL MERCIER

(Continued from page 535.)

Christian life, beautiful as Rachel, so chaste, so true in your allegiance to Christ, you have ever seemed to your French higher clergy but as bleary-eyed Lia!

Cardinal Mercier was French; he fought for France; he resented as a great man and a great scholar the invasion of his country and the destruction of his beloved University; he sought to restore it after the war. For all this, as well as for his constant life-long intrepidity in fighting the many enemies of neo-Scholastic philosophy both within and without the Church, every manly man must honor him. He fought the good fight, he taught sound doctrine in an age which loved fables. He came as close as any in our generation to earning the title of Doctor of the Church. His end was a fitting crown to his life: after receiving the Last Sacraments, he said "Now all I have to do is to wait,"—no more battles, no more strife, only a little suffering and then "the crown of life" reserved for those who have "legitimately fought." *"They that explain me shall have life everlasting."*

The newspapers give considerable support to one wise child's belief that the husbands are men who kill their wives.—W.F.R.

The SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

*has grown more than
10,000 in circulation
during the last 5 years*



*Notre Dame men have
played a leading part
in its growth.*

INTERHALL BASKETBALL

"Collegian, rest, exams are o'er," seems to be the first line of a ditty that has become quite popular here lately, particularly in interhall circles. Having had the benefit of a week's rest after the worries that the end of every semester precipitates, the interhall basketballers came back with a zest that delighted all fans and made for close games. For instance, there was the

CORBY VS. FRESHMAN

tilt, in which the much maligned Frosh showed a brand of fight which carried the game into an overtime period. It was only a well-shot foul that enabled Corby to win 25-24. "Dog" White covered the floor for Corby like a scrubwoman. Joe Boland put on an exhibition of plain and fancy shooting that would have honored most any hoopster. For the yearlings Carroll did excellent work as did also Smith. At that, Corby had a close call. Then there was the

SOPHOMORE VS. WALSH

affair. There was an abundance of that old he-man spirit which would have done James Crusinberry and others of his ilk, good. The game was a fast one with plenty of action of the catch-as-catch-can variety. Oh, that's right; we haven't told you the score yet. Nearly forgot to. Anyway Sophomore won, having amassed five more points than Walsh who made a total of thirteen. Now

**3 handy
packs
for 5¢**



**WRIGLEY'S P.K.
NEW HANDY PACK**

*Fits hand ~
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figure that out. Reminds us of one of those second grade arithmetic problems. Beginning "If one farmer has seven sheep—" Enough of that, let's move on to the

HOWARD VS. CORBY

scrap. This time Corby didn't forge ahead in the last few minutes, and Howard carried off the laurels—or whatever they call them thimagigs the old Greek boys usta wear. It was a tight game until Howard came up in the last half. The much touted "heavy defense" of Corby wasn't functioning up to its usual standard. Joe Boland contributed several points made from long shots and, of course, "Dog" showed ability to good advantage. Griffin, Conley, and Buchholz were mainly responsible for Howard's good showing. The

SORIN VS. WALSH

struggle proved an interesting one. It was by far the best game either of these combinations has displayed yet this season. Walsh seemed to have a losing "complex" this week, for they dropped this contest 24-18. Nolan did the best work for the men of '26, ably assisted and abetted by Crowley and

Cody. For the Walshites—'nother one of those mongrel words—Hamilton and Vince Gomez did their share.

The tragedy of this week came in the

BROWNSON VS. FRESHMAN

fray. The score sounds like a telephone number 51-14, the boys from Brownson being the callers and the Frosh the called. At times it looked as though Brownson was using several balls instead of only one, so rapid were the shots. The lads from the pasteboard palace simply couldn't get started; that's all. And the Brownsonites! well, they couldn't be stopped. Murphy was high point man for the dorm dwellers. Breshnahan, Plumer, and Bender also showed plenty of stuff. The

BADIN VS. SOPHOMORE

contest was another of these runaway affairs, not quite so disastrous as the one just mentioned, however, as the score was 28-4. A notable lack of cooperation on the part of the Wise Fools featured this game. The Badin defense was exceptionally tight, which may be the reason that the scorekeeper didn't waste any ink writing down points for the Soph aggregation. In fact, when asked, a prominent member of that combination shrugged his shoulders, and said merely that Badin was good, and leisurely moved off to Accounting. There was another reason whose name, we believe, is Andrews.

Of an entirely different type was the

OFF-CAMPUS VS. CARROLL

go, which was as thrilling as seventeen rides on the roly coaster. Talk about being tight,—man, this battle was as close as a race we heard about once. A bee stung one of the horses on the head and the horse won by the distance of the bump! Well, to return to the subject, that is if there is one, it was a last minute shot by McGary that sent the cute little Day Doggies home rejoicing in the fact that they had beaten Carroll, 10-17.

Joe Bach, tackle on the National Championship football team of 1924, has returned to the University for the second semester to complete his work for a degree.

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